

# MACBETH SOLILOQUY RECITATION 10H

Shakespeare wrote, "All the world's a stage, and all the men and women merely players."  
Become a player in *Macbeth*. Select a major soliloquy to recite in front of the class.

**GRADE:** Quiz Grade

**DUE DATE:** Monday, December 11<sup>th</sup>

## SOLILOQUYS, ASIDES, & OTHER KEY PASSAGES:

- Good sir, why do you start?
  - 1.3.54-64
- Is this a dagger which I see before me? PART 1
  - 2.1.44-57
- Is this a dagger which I see before me? PART 2
  - 2.1.57-63 AND 2.1.73-77
- To be thus is nothing: PART 1
  - 3.1.51-62
- To be thus is nothing: PART 2
  - 3.1.63-75
- Tomorrow and tomorrow and tomorrow
  - 5.5.20-31

## Good sir, why do you start? 1.3.54-64

BANQUO

Good sir, why do you start and seem to fear  
Things that do sound so fair?—I' th' name of truth,  
Are you fantastical, or that indeed  
Which outwardly you show? My noble partner  
You greet with present grace and great prediction  
Of noble having and of royal hope,  
That he seems rapt withal. To me you speak not.  
If you can look into the seeds of time  
And say which grain will grow and which will not,  
Speak, then, to me, who neither beg nor fear  
Your favors nor your hate.

## Is this a dagger which I see before me? PART 1 2.1.44-57

MACBETH

Is this a dagger which I see before me,  
The handle toward my hand? Come, let me clutch thee.  
I have thee not, and yet I see thee still.  
Art thou not, fatal vision, sensible  
To feeling as to sight? Or art thou but  
A dagger of the mind, a false creation  
Proceeding from the heat-oppresd brain?  
I see thee yet, in form as palpable  
As this which now I draw.*He draws his dagger.*  
Thou marshal'st me the way that I was going,  
And such an instrument I was to use.  
Mine eyes are made the fools o' th' other senses  
Or else worth all the rest.

## Is this a dagger which I see before me? PART 2 2.1.57-63 AND 2.1.73-77

MACBETH

I see thee still,  
And, on thy blade and dudgeon, gouts of blood,  
Which was not so before. There's no such thing.  
It is the bloody business which informs  
Thus to mine eyes. Now o'er the one-half world  
Nature seems dead, and wicked dreams abuse  
The curtained sleep....  
...Whiles I threat, he lives.  
Words to the heat of deeds too cold breath gives.  
I go, and it is done. The bell invites me.  
Hear it not, Duncan, for it is a knell  
That summons thee to heaven or to hell.

## To be thus is nothing: PART 1                      3.1.51-62

MACBETH

To be thus is nothing,  
But to be safely thus. Our fears in Banquo  
Stick deep, and in his royalty of nature  
Reigns that which would be feared. 'Tis much he dares,  
And to that dauntless temper of his mind  
He hath a wisdom that doth guide his valor  
To act in safety. There is none but he  
Whose being I do fear; and under him  
My genius is rebuked, as it is said  
Mark Antony's was by Caesar.

## To be thus is nothing: PART 2

3.1.63-75

MACBETH

He chid the sisters

When first they put the name of king upon me  
And bade them speak to him. Then, prophet-like,  
They hailed him father to a line of kings.  
Upon my head they placed a fruitless crown  
And put a barren scepter in my grip,  
Thence to be wrenched with an unlineal hand,  
No son of mine succeeding. If 't be so,  
For Banquo's issue have I filed my mind;  
For them the gracious Duncan have I murdered,  
Put rancors in the vessel of my peace  
Only for them, and mine eternal jewel  
Given to the common enemy of man  
To make them kings, the seeds of Banquo kings.  
Rather than so, come fate into the list,  
And champion me to th' utterance.—Who's there?

## Tomorrow and tomorrow and tomorrow

5.5.20-31

MACBETH

She should have died hereafter.  
There would have been a time for such a word.  
Tomorrow and tomorrow and tomorrow  
Creeps in this petty pace from day to day  
To the last syllable of recorded time,  
And all our yesterdays have lighted fools  
The way to dusty death. Out, out, brief candle!  
Life's but a walking shadow, a poor player  
That struts and frets his hour upon the stage  
And then is heard no more. It is a tale  
Told by an idiot, full of sound and fury,  
Signifying nothing.